

My Turn

by StripedLynx

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Dupain-Cheng/Ladybug

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Summary: He's been defeated since the first appearance of Ladybug and Chat Noir. Every. Single. Time. Not once had his plans worked. Well he's done losing. Now, it's his turn.

1. Chapter 1

****Here it is, my first attempt to write a fanfic about my newest obsession - Miraculous Ladybug! I kinda held off on doing this for a while but I finally decided to post this! Also, this fic was inspired by sakura-rosel2's Miraculous Ladybug art on Tumblr, please check her out! She has amazing art!****

****Disclaimer: Of course Miraculous Ladybug does not belong to me.****

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><p>It was an Autumn day. Far enough from Summer to have lost the heat. The leaves had begun to fall and scatter over Paris. Marinette was on her way to meet Ayla in the park, she stepped on every dry brittle leaf, savoring the satisfying crunch it made under her boots. Breathing in the fresh air and feeling it on her face is a tonic for Marinette after the oppressive summer heat. The was day postcard perfect, though a tinge of worry stuck to her. Maybe it was because she hadn't seen an akuma for the past three days. Or maybe it was the reason why she was meeting Alya today.<p>

Ayla's fascination, or rather obsession, with Ladybug has proved dangerous many times. Each time either putting herself in danger or hindering Ladybug's ability to focus on the battle rather than worrying over her friend's well-being. There were too many close calls. But of course, Alya needed footage for the Ladyblog, was the answer every time. Marinette had warned Alya many times as Ladybug but it always fell on deaf ears. Perhaps talking to her as Marinette,

Ayla's best friend, would work.

"Marinette!" Ayla stood in front of the bronze statue of Ladybug and Chat Noir, waving her hand.

"Hi, Ayla." Marinette waved back and they shared a quick embrace. Ayla hoisted herself on top the statue as Marinette did the same. "So, what did y'wanna talk about?"

Marinette moved her head so she was now staring directly into her friend's hazel eyes in a very serious manner. Ayla's face twisted into one of concern in response. "Marinette?"

"Ayla, which is more important; the Ladyblog or your safety?"

Ayla raised an eyebrow at her pig-tailed friend. "What...are you talking about?"

Marinette sighed, "Remember at the museum, instead of running away from danger, you stayed and recorded for the blog. The Pharaoh captured you and you could have gotten seriously hurt."

"Mari, you were turned into a mummy," Ayla reminded her even though Marinette knew that wasn't true. "Anyway, Ladybug was there and had everything under control. She wouldn't let anything happen to me. She saved me."

"That isn't the point, Ayla. It wasn't just that one incident. It happens too many times! Ladybug has to focus on the akuma, not civilians who purposely seek out danger." Marinette shook her head. She knew Ayla wasn't trying to put herself in danger but she was honestly worried for her friend. What if Ladybug wasn't there to save her. What she had failed to stop Pharaoh and Ayla was sacrificed. She would never forgive herself if something happened to her.

"I'm not purposely trying to get myself hurt. I just need the footage for the Ladyblog. I know I can be a little reckless sometimes, trust me, Ladybug has told me...many times. But honestly, I just want others to appreciate Ladybug as much as I do. That's why I made the blog. To show appreciation to my hero - Paris' hero."

Marinette smiled warmly at her friend. "I know Ladybug is really thankful for what you do but she cares for you just as much as you do for her. And she wants you to be safe. I want you to be safe. So as a friend, please, promise you'll stay out of danger."

Ayla returned the smile, "Okay. I promise."

"Good."

They shared another warm hug. As they parted, a light buzz was heard. Ayla reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone. "Ugh, I gotta go Mari; babysitting. I'll text you later."

"Alright!" Marinette waved as she watched her friend run across the street and out of sight.

"Well that's that. I guess I should head home too; it's getting late." She muttered to herself, looking up at the dimming sky. She

hopped off the statue and began her walk home, totally unawares of the little black butterfly fluttering behind her towards its next victim.

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><p>Wow, that's a short chapter! I'll post the next chapter as soon as I can but in the meantime, tell me what you think of this so far! Constructive criticism is always welcomed and appreciated! Thanks!

2. Chapter 2

****Second chapter! I tried to edit this as best I could but if there's any other mistakes tell me and I'll fix them. Also, I want to thank everyone who as reviewed, favorited, and followed this story! It really helps motivate me! So thank you! ^.^****

****Future chapters will be rated T+, but since there is no rating for that on here, I'll just warn you ahead of time. I'll also warn you on the actual chapter, just in case.****

****Disclaimer: If I owned Miraculous Ladybug, I'd have magic powers to get a new season every seven blinks. But since I don't have that, I don't own Miraculous Ladybug.****

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><p>The fluttering wings of the graceful akuma were silent as it merged with its target. A shimmering purple light spread its wings like a butterfly, signifying Hawkmoth's telepathic connection with his victim. He bargained cunningly, she accepted with ease. She rose from her seat in a dark and lonely cell as dark magic replaced her orange attire with a wicked black trench coat that stopped at the back of her knees. A flipped up collar and a black scarf came with it. The coat was lined with silver and a black mask lined with dark purple donned her face. In her hand was a silver dagger, it glistened in the small amount of light she had in the cell. A once golden chained necklace was replaced with a spiked choker collar of dark purple in color.<p>

She twisted around, admiring her new look. She gazed at the weapon in her hand and swiped at the air. She smirked, twisting the dagger in her hand a bit longer, getting a feel of the weapon. She turned to the steel bars preventing her from leaving the confines of the cell. Holding out the dagger, she stepped forward and gave the bars a quick slash. Almost immediately, the bars severed and clanged loudly upon the ground.

She tossed the dagger into the air excitedly and caught it by the handle as it came down.

"Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing?!"

The sudden yell from the side of her made her jump, almost dropping the knife. She snapped her head towards the encroaching guards, wielding guns and batons. She stepped further out of the cell and waved the knife in her hand playfully. She crouched lower to the ground and readied herself. The guards, though slightly confused as

to who she was and why was she so menacing, still advanced and soon found themselves on the ground wounded and bleeding.

The woman looked down at one of the still conscious guards and frowned, wiping blood off the dagger with a once white and pure handkerchief. The guard looked up at her, his face portraying a stern look but his eyes showing the fear the woman was looking for. With one swift kick to the face from a steel-toed high-heeled boot, the once conscious guard succumbed to the welcoming arms of unconsciousness.

The woman casually stepped over the piles of bleeding bodies and went in the direction of the prison's exit.

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><p>In her room of the little bakery, Marinette sat silently on her bed as she sketched the remains of her newest design - a sleek red dress with a black trim at the bottom, small swirls of black decorated the almost non-existent shoulders.<p>

Her eyes danced around the page, adding and removing pencil markings until she was satisfied with the result.

She held out the sketch pad and examined her work. "What do you think Tikki? Is it worthy enough for Monsieur Agreste's fashion line?"

Tikki sprang out of her hiding place in the sheets and flew up to the open pad. "It's beautiful Marinette! It's definitely worthy! I don't see how it's not!"

Marinette held Tikki gently as she flew into her open palm, "Thanks Tikki," Marinette brought her hand closer and nuzzled Tikki on her tiny cheek with her nose. "I still need to make the dress, though. That's the tricky part."

"I'm sure you'll figure it out." Tikki giggled as Marinette nuzzled her once more before being placed onto a warm and inviting pillow.

Marinette held the pad out and examined the sketch again. The murmured to herself as she inspected the drawing, running through her mind what materials she would need to make this dress. She mentally noted the required materials.

After a short yawn, she fell backwards onto the bed, careful not to squish Tikki. The kawmi giggled at the girl's current state. She look exhausted, which was strange since they hadn't had to deal with an akuma attack for almost four days now. It was weird. As many people that were in Paris, not one had been akumatized? It was a bit worrying. She looked back at the now soundly sleeping girl and smiled warmly. The tiredness must come from dealing with everyday life as Marinette. The bulk of it, undoubtedly Chloe. Tikki grimaced as she thought of the spoiled girl who always gave Marinette such a hard time. That girl and been the cause of so many akumatized victims. And she didn't care at all! Tikki sighed softly as she snuggled closer to her sleeping friend. Tikki was truly proud of her, no matter how hard Chloe or anyone tried to break her spirit, they failed. Again and again. As those thoughts continued to float around the little kwami's

head, she felt herself dozing until her eyes stopped fluttering and she stayed fast asleep.

****o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o****

If only Adrien had more peaceful moments with Plagg as Marinette did Tikki.

"Plaaaag! Give that back!" Adrien jumped across his room as he tried to trap the mischievous cat-like kwami. In his tiny paws was Adrien's phone. In effort to get Adrien's attention, Plagg had swiped his phone from the blonde boy's grasp and started to fly across the room.

"You're not getting this back until you hand over the camembert." Plagg shouted back, continuing to zip around the room.

Adrien came to a halt and scowled. "That's why you took my phone? For smelly cheese?"

Plagg stopped but still hovered in the air high enough where Adrien couldn't reach him.

"Of course! We have a schedule, remember? Every Tuesday I get five whole wheels of camembert at four o'clock. On the dot," Plagg added the last part with enthusiasm. "It's five past four, Adrien! Five past four!"

Adrien clenched and unclenched his fists and exhaled deeply. "Okay. Okay, Plagg. I'll get you your cheese."

"Camembert!" Plagg clarified.

"Yes, Plagg, camembert." Adrien added and held out his hand. "Phone, now, please."

Plagg stayed in the air a little longer but decided to float down slowly and place the phone into the model's awaiting hand.

"Thank you."

Plagg grumbled a response which Adrien ignored and walked to the kitchen to get the hungry kwami his che- camembert!

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><p>"Minerva, what are you waiting for? Bring me their miraculous!" A stern voice hammered her mind. A familiar glow of a butterfly spread across her face.

"Calm down. I'll get you your jewelry." Minerva responded with a cool tone. She her forefinger on the blade causing a small amount of blood to run down her finger. "First I gotta draw 'em out." She frowned on her position on a rooftop, glaring down on the citizens of Paris. The afternoon breeze brushing across the cut on her finger. She paid no mind to it as her dagger morphed into a spear with a sharp spade-like tip. She held the spear up in a warrior like manner before throwing it like a javelin, headed directly for her civilian target.

She stayed on the roof and waited. Her ears straining to listen for a

scream, indicating her target was hit. She waited. A bloodcurdling scream sounded off and vibrated in the air. Any passers-by screamed in terror and shock, while others ran away. The sight of a civilian, lying still on the now blood stained grass with a spear impaled into her stomach. Minerva's face lit up and she grinned ear to ear at her accomplishment. She stared at her fallen victim and savored every moment.

The rush of her first kill excited her even more. A feral look in her eyes and a joyed expression stained on her face. She extended her arm and a silver dagger formed. She could have enjoyed another kill or continued savoring this one but the distant sound of police sirens told her, her fun had come to an end - at least for now. With one graceful leap after the other across the rooftops, she made her escape, landing in an alleyway to wait for Paris' heroes to make their awaited appearance.

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><p>Adrien turned away from the revolting sight of Plagg stuffing his face with camembert. It really was disgusting. But if it kept the flying cat happy, Adrien was happy. Well, at least until Plagg finished and demanded more of the stinky cheese.<p>

Plagg finished his delicacy with a loud burp, maybe too loud coming from a tiny creature like him. Adrien rolled his eyes in disgust and was about to comment on how bad the kwami's manners were but those words died on his tongue as his ears perked at the sound of speeding cars and blaring sirens. "Plagg, you hear that?"

Plagg looked up from his sprawled out position on the desk, "Oh yeah, that's the sound of my hungry belly. It craves more cheese. Hint hint."

Adrien glared irritably at his cheese obsessed companion.

"Oh, you mean the sirens. Yeah, I guess I hear those too," Plagg shrugged. "Not as loud as my stomach but loud enough, I suppose." Plagg added.

Adrien sighed, that was the best he was going to get out of him. "Plagg, transform me."

In a flash of brilliant green light, Adrien transformed into Chat Noir and he bolted out the window.

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Marinette bolted up with a soft snort. Her eyes locked onto the clock. Five-fifteen. Had she fell asleep? When has she fell asleep? She rubbed her tired eyes and wiped the small dribble of drool off the corner of her mouth. Gross, she thought. Her head moved down as she looked at Tikki's small sleeping form. Not wanting to disturb her, the pig-tailed girl eased out of the bed and she made her way downstairs.

"Mom? Papa?" She called out.

Sabine popped her head around the corner from the kitchen. "Oh,

you're awake."

Marinette nodded, "Yep! I'm refreshed and ready to tackle whatever life throws at me!"

Sabine chuckled lightly, "Well, I don't know what life has in store for you but I'm sure it'll be great. In the meantime, how about you help me bake some fresh pastries for tomorrow when we open up."

Marinette would normally agree to help. She'd love to but a blaring siren rushing past the bakery forced her to politely decline. "U-um...sorry mama. I-I gotta do-um-the...uh...uh - I gotta study! B-big test tomorrow! Gotta be prepared! Hehe."

Sabine looked confused but she brushed it off. She smiled at her daughter and waved her hand dismissively. "Oh! Oh, okay! No worries, dear, you go study. Your father will be home soon anyway."

Marinette felt slightly guilty. She didn't want to brush her mom aside but Ladybug was needed. She gave Sabine a tight hug and scurried up the stairs to her room.

"Tikki!"

Upon hearing her name, the ladybug kwami zipped to Marinette. "Glad you're awake Tikki; hope you had a good rest! But Ladybug is needed now."

Tikki nodded before she was sucked into Marinette's earrings, "Tikki, transform me!"

With a vibrant flash of red light, Marinette donned her alter-ego appearance of Ladybug. She opened the trapdoor leading to the balcony. Taking her yo-yo in hand, she threw and swung across Paris in the direction of the police cars.

* * *

><p>Shorter chapter than I thought this was, geez. I'll try to make the next chapter over at least 10 or more pages. This one was five pages. Anywho~, tell me what you thought of this chapter! And the villain, I was a little hesitant to add this character.</p>

End
file.